WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

Have you forgotten, little wife,
Our far-off childhood's golden life?
Our splendid castles on the sands,
The boat I made with my own hands,

The rain that caught us in the wood,
The cakes we had when we were good,
The doll I broke and made you cry,
When we were children, you and I?

Have you forgotten, little wife,
The dawning of that other life?
The strange new light the whole world wore
When life love's perfect blossom bore?

The dreams we had, the songs we made,
The sunshine, and the woven shade,
The tears of many a sad good-by,
When we were parted, you and I?

Ah, nay! your loving heart, I know,
Remembers still the long ago;
It is the light of childhood's days
That shines through all your winning ways.

God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
Its innocence and faith and truth;
The smiles, the tears and hopes gone by,
When we were children, you and I.

—Cassell's Magazine.

SNORTER, SON OF A HURRICANE.

The End of His Cyclonic Career Brought Grief to the Hemlock Belt.

"ON ONE of my trips through the Passadanky country, up in the hemlock belt," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, "a disconsolate-looking native came out of a barn near the roadside and hailed me. I stopped.

"'Did you come through Jinkins' Holler?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Was folks gethered pooty plenty at the tavern, lookin' glum?' he asked.

"'Not that I noticed,' I replied.

"'Wasn't the store shet up?'

"'No.'

"'Business goin' on about as usual, hay?'

"'It appeared to be.'

"'Then they hain't heerd on it down to the Holler yet,' said the native. 'Guess I better lope down there an' break it to 'em myself, kind o' gentle. If the news hits 'em suddent they mowt shet down the tavern.'

"'What's happened?' I asked, my curiosity excited.

"'Why, Snorter's dead!' was the reply.

"'Who's Snorter?' I inquired.

"'Guess you must live pooty fur about here,' said the native, 'if you never heerd o' Snorter!'

"I had to admit that I did not live thereabout. The big barn door was open and swung back against the side of the barn. The native stepped back and closed it.

"'There,' said he, pointing to a miscellaneous collection of things hanging to that side of the door. 'Them's the latest assortment of Snorter's scalps!'

"I counted 23 raiskins, a weasel skin and a chicken hawk.

"'Them's Snorter's scalps,' said the native, 'an' you bet you gloom'll foller when the news gits round that Snorter's dead!'

"'Son of yours?' said I.

"'Son o' mine!' exclaimed the native. 'Puh! There ain't no son o' mine nor no son o' nobody else on the ol' Passadanky could a hung up a passel o' scalps like them! No, sir! Snorter wa'n't my son. He was the son of a hurricane, Snorter was! He was a rooster, an' the son of a hurricane! No one never see the likes o' him afore, an' won't never see the likes o' him agin!

"'Four years ago a hurricane setch as we never heerd on afore come swoopin' through this deestrie'. It come from the southeast an' fetched all sorts o' truck along with it, droppin' of it here an' there, an' pickin' up more in place of it, so's we had things that belonged mebbe 'way down in Virginny, for all I know, an' things that belonged to us was mebbe lugged off an' dropped down 'way up in Michigan, jes' as like as not, if the hurricane wind held out that fur—an' from the way it was goin' when it sailed over the ol' Passadanky I've an idee it had wind enough to carry it on to Kingsky, easy enough, before it give it up an' yoop. After the hurricane got by I went out to take a look around, an' 'mongst other things I found was a red hen, settin' dazed-like under a thorn bush. There never had been a hen like that in the hull hemlock belt. How fur she had rid on the bosom o' that cyclone nobody'll never know. I picked her up an' found an egg where she sot. The egg wa'n't no bigger'n the everyday run o' hen's eggs, but it was red—almost as red as the hen. I brung the hen an' the egg in, but the hen never seemed to git herself together agin, an' give a couple o' kind o' homesick sighs an' kicked the bucket. I had an' ol' dominick hen that was pinin' to set, an' I set her. Amongst her settin' o' eggs was that red egg that come from some onknown country, ridin' into the Passadanky deestrie on the bosom o' that storm. Some o' that hurricane had worked its way into that egg, sure enough, for the chicken that come outen it turned out to be a reg'lar movin' cyclone. That chicken was as red as the egg it came out of, an' that chicken was Snorter. He was the son of a hurricane, an' he took after his father from the word go!

"'First time I ever took notice o' Snorter's uncommon p'ints was one day when he was about a month old. I was goin' by the barn here, an' I heerd a tremendous cacklin' 'mongst the chickens back in the barnyard, an' a rat squealin' in setch a key that I know'd it must a run ag'in trouble o' some kind. I went round to the yard, an' there was that hurricane chicken, with nothin' on it yit but pinfeathers, tuggin' away like mad at a rat's tail, which he had hetched hold on as the rat was skipnin' into a hole under the barn, mebbe with an egg or a young chicken. After two or three jerks that buddin' cyclone of a chicken yanked the rat out. The rat was bigger'n any one of them scalps o' Snorter's on this barn door here, an' you'll notice that some o' them sizes up a leetle hefty theirselves. Quickern I kin tell you he swung that rat up over his head an' slapped it down k'splosh on a big stone that lays in there. Three times he done that, an' then chucked the rat to one side. There wa'n't no more life nor backbone left in it than there is in a wet dishrag. My ol' woman come along jes' then an' says:

"'"Great Peenpack! Ain't he a snorter!"

"'"An' that got to be his name, though I've always been sorry I didn't call him Hurricane Dick.'

"Just then a mule in a log inclosure on the opposite side of the road raised its voice in the most prolonged and exasperating heehaw I ever heard a mule emit.

"'That's Limpin Belix,' said the native. 'He hain't sung like that in three years afore. He knows Snorter is dead, an' he's gloatin'. That's another thing that weighs me down. I bought that mule three years ago. I got him cheap, an' he 'peered like a bargain. First time I tried him I took him down in the lot yonder to plow corn. He yanked the plow the satisfyinest kind two or three times aerost the lot, an' then he stopped, braced hisself, an' laung down his ears. I coaxed him, an' I laid the gad on him, an' I prodded him with a pitchfork, but he never paid no more attention to me than if I was a house fly.

"'I labored with him for an hour, but, as nigh as I could make out, that mule had made up his mind to stand there in the sun till the jedgment day. I was makin' up my mind to go home an' let him stand, when along come Snorter. He seen right away what was up, an' he turned his hurricane natur' loose on to that mule. He hopped up on the mule's neck, socked his toes inter his mane, jabbed his bill way down inter the mule's ear, an' hollered things in that ear that was hair-raisin' to hear. The mule was took back tremendous, but he was a mule, an' he riz his heels to'rds the sky, an' flopped his ears, an' shook his head, an' tried to skeer that rooster away. But he didn't know Snorter was the son of a hurricane, an' arter awhile he kind o' settled down an' began to look round to diskiver what he was dealin' with, anyhow. Snorter, he socked his claws an' his spurs inter the mule an' rammed his head so fur inter the mule's ears that I thort sure he were gorin' his bill through to get at what brains the mule had. An' yell! Great wildcat! how he did yell things way down ag'in the drum o' that mule's ear! An' pooty soon the mule begun to look skeert, an' by and by give up, hung his head, an' went to plowin' as if he had never quit an' never intended to.

"'Nex' day he had a notion to go on strike ag'in, but I got Snorter round where he was, an' he buckled in like all 'persessed an' from that time to this he's been the bes' mule in the deestrie'. This mornin', though, I went out to put the harness on him, an' what does he do but kick up, an' heehaw an' heehaw, sumpin' he hadn't done in three years, an' I hain't been able to get nigh him. He knows that Snorter's dead, an' he's gloatin', an' he won't never be wuth a cent to me ag'in, except as bait fer a bear trap!

"'So fer four year, pooty nigh, that amazin' rooster has cleaned this here clearin' o' rats an' weasels an' hawks. Even b'ar seems to have heerd o' Snorter, for there hain't one bothered us sence he broke that mule. I s'pose we won't be able to keep a sheep nor a pig, though, now, soon as it gits out through the deestrie' that Snorter is dead. I wouldn't feel so clean cut up and banged down by it, though, if we could only find a feather layin' round anywhere. Snorter died suddent an' complete.

"'Down yonder 'long the creek they're workin' a stone quarry. Snorter hadn't never been down to look the works over till yeste'day afternoon. Then he meandered that way, jest as the men had knocked off for dinner. Sam Slicer brought the news up. He said he was settin' under a tree, ten rod or so from the quarry, eatin' his grub. He seen Snorter walkin' over that way, an' lookin' up by an' by he sees the son of a hurricane tuggin' away at sumpin' the fiercest kind. Sam got up an' went to'rds the quarry to see what Snorter was exterminatin'. He got pooty nigh the spot when he see Snorter swing sumpin' up over his head to fetch it down ag'in on a rock, jes' like he killed rats. Sam says when he see that he turned an' run away as fast as his legs'd carry him, but he hadn't gone more'n three steps when sumpin' went off tremendous. Sam was tumbled flat, an' he said he heerd stones an' things droppin' arcund there fer a matter o' two minutes or more. When he could git up and look back at the quarry, all he could see o' Snorter was a hole in the ground as big as a cellar. Sam has an idee that Snorter diskivered the strings hangin' out of some cartridges they blast with at the quarry, the cartridges being kivered up. Snorter, thinkin' they was rats' tails, jes' went for one, an' never knowed his mistake. That's Sam's idee, an' the heft o' evidence is that he hain't fur from right.

"'So you kin ruther imagine that there's gloom settin' down on this clearin' thicker'n fleas on a groun'hog dog, an' I guess I'll go down to the Holler an' break the news gentle, fer if it hits 'em suddent they mowt shet up the tavern.'"—N. Y. Sun.

Where Education Counted.

Even the casual observer could see that the men had been indulging too freely in the flowing bowl. The pair made their way along the street rather unsteadily. They were men of the laboring class, but, nevertheless, seemed to be jolly fellows. Finally one said:

"Jerry, I'm 'nebriated."

The other replied, after some hesitation:

"I don't know what you mean, Tom. Of course you have a better education than I had, but I know yer drunk."—Philadelphia Call.

A LIFE HISTORY.

BY JENNY WREN.

I CAN say without vanity, looking back over this long stretch of years, that I was not unjustly called the belle of our town. It was a quiet place during eight long months of the year and I found it dull enough, and wondered why it was appointed that I must drag out my life within its limits, but the remaining four months saw it emerge as the butterfly from its chrysalis, and waken into such fullness of action that it almost compensated. It was during these periods that I learned my beauty entitled me to a wider sphere, or so I thought in my narrowness of judgment; but when, at ball or reception, I saw men leave the richly attired women whom they met the year round to seek an introduction to me, simply dressed and the daughter of a retired officer, it was little wonder that a blush of conscious pride rose to my cheek, or my eye burned with a satisfied vanity.

I was but 18 when I met Vance Wilmour. He was double my age, and when he bent over me with the wonderful grace of manner he so fully possessed, or let his eyes dwell on mine with an impassioned glance, my heart would throb as a voice within would say: "This is love." It seemed as though an emperor had stooped from his throne to ask the peasant girl to share his high estate when he at last told me of his devotion and asked me to become his wife. My father shook his head when I, joyously exultant, asked him to receive my lover.

"He is not the man to make my bright, uncaged bird happy," he answered. "Take care, Madge. No matter how brightly gilded the bars may be, the mountain songster will beat out his life against them in the struggle to be free."

But to all that he might say my ears were deaf. He could bring forward no real obstacle, however, and so I won at last reluctant consent, and six months from the day I met Vance Wilmour I became his wife. At last I was to see and mingle with the world. It was of this I thought, rather than the solemn vows I had just uttered, as side by side we had bade farewell to the old home, and were journeying to the new. Still, all my heart was his, and had he cared to mold me he might have cast it in any form.

I was not long in finding the emptiness of that I had so desired. The home to which my husband had brought me was perfect in its every appointment. The suite of rooms he had had prepared for me to my unaccustomed eye presented a vista of fairyland, and for a time I was happy. But then, as my father had predicted, my wings began to beat themselves against the bars. I learned to recognize that underneath the velvet touch was the iron hold, that I must stand ever ready with a smile, faultlessly dressed, to receive him and those whom he summoned to admire his captive. No weariness, no fatigue gave excuse. I learned then why he had married me. Wealth, station, all were his, but his pride demanded more. My beauty he knew would reflect credit upon his taste. I was too young, too ignorant to interfere with his pleasures or assert my rights as a wife. So he reasoned, and his judgment served him well.

For a year there was little to mar the scene; then my health failed. Excitement and constant gayety did their work. Nature demanded rest, and even he was obliged to recognize the necessity. Then followed months in which I scarcely saw him, when he hardly found time to come to the couch on which I constantly lay to inquire if I were better or worse; and when in my impatience I would greet him with words of reproach or anger he would silence me by some cutting words of scorn, which would leave their sting for days behind. I was utterly unable to cope with him, and when in the spring three years from the date of our marriage he was induced to join a hunting excursion on the western plains I bade him good-by with scarce a feeling of regret.

Six weeks later I was one day summoned to the presence of a gentleman who told me with trembling voice and pallid lips that I was widowed. Their party while hunting had been attacked by a party of Indians and Vance had fallen in the field, while they, to save their own lives, had been unable even to rescue his body. The shock proved more than I could bear, and for months they thought I would not live; but as health and strength crept slowly back a wonderful softness had taken possession of my heart, and I mourned him with a tender pity, burying his faults in his far-off grave.

As soon as I was able to bear the journey I closed my house and turned my face to the old home with a great content nestling in my spirit, that the quiet I had once despised again was to be mine. My dear old father met me with open arms, and I felt when pressed to his breast as though I had gained a haven indeed after my long and stormy voyaging on the sea of life. Two peaceful years passed away and my father's hair grew white and his form bent. I began to think of the time when I should be left alone in the world—alone and desolate.

I had kissed him good night one evening as I passed out and wended my way to the little village church. Sad thoughts had brooded in my memory all day, and I thought thus to drive them away, and, entering the sacred spot whose altar I had stood before as a bride, I felt upon my knees and uttered a prayer for all that sinful, foolish past.

An earnest, musical voice roused me, and, glancing up, I saw that a stranger occupied the pulpit.

I shall never forget the impression Edward Fearing made on me that night. I had listened heretofore to sermons from a sense of duty, but of his every word fell straight upon my soul and planted there a seed. It was as though he were talking to me, and I listened spellbound. He was not in the strict sense a handsome man, but when carried away by his eloquence his eyes would light up with a wonderful brightness and his face almost grow radiant; he seemed possessed of a beauty scarcely earthlike.

The noise of the people rising from their seats as his voice died away recalled me to the present, but it was with an effort I roused myself. I reached home feeling that while such living words could reach my ear life could not be barren.

I entered my father's study, treading softly lest I should disturb the slumber into which he seemed to have fallen. Drawing near, I softly laid my hand on his. It was icy cold. I stooped to kiss his brow, but its marble whiteness revealed to me the awful truth. The desolation which had hovered o'er my spirit all day had been no idle precursor of ill. Death had entered my home and snatched from me the one being left me to love. An awful calm fell upon me. No tears came to relieve my burning lids—not even when I heard the dull thud which gave back to mother earth its own.

It was then that Edward Fearing came to comfort me. It was long ere even his words penetrated the outer crust of rebellious discontent; but he probed his way so skillfully, so tenderly, that ere I knew it the healing waters of comfort rushed in, and found their vent in outward tears.

I do not know when I learned to love my teacher. Does one ever measure the hour, the moment, when love enters their lives? I could see by this passion which awakened in me the meaning of true love and false. No worldly glitter, no fickle allurements were here. The life we must lead together would be one devoted to the Master's service, but I felt nothing could be sacrifice I shared with him. I had told him all my past one afternoon, when he had just left me, and the echo of his words still was ringing in my ear, when an impatient tread across the hall, a shadow darkened the door of the room in which I sat.

I looked up, wondering if Edward had returned, with some forgotten word of fondness on his lips, when, standing with pale face I saw what in that first agonized moment I believed my husband's ghost.

I started with a wild cry, and would have fallen but that his arms caught and held me, and then I knew that it was no spirit, but living flesh which bound me.

Oh, the agony of that awakening, the torture of the thought which slowly burned itself upon my brain, that my love for Edward now was sin, that I who had so lightly talked of sacrifice shared with him must meet a greater sacrifice than any he had pictured, and meet it alone!

All this I endured while I lay seemingly in outward calm, and listened to my husband's story, how he had been left, as his friends supposed, dead upon the field; but how the Indians, strangely moved to pity, bound up the wounds they themselves had caused, and held him for six months captive. Then, procuring his release, and learning I thought him dead, he determined to leave me in that belief, but how his life had grown purposeless, and he grew to feel a vain yearning for home and wife.

"Had I found you married, Madge," he ended, "I would have gone away and made no sign, but instead you still wear the outward badge of widowhood, and though I little dreamed, my darling, that you should have mourned my loss, may I not by that sign plead for pardon? Will you not give me the hope of casting some sunshine on the life I have so cruelly darkened?"

That night Edward and I parted forever. I sent for him and told him all, and watched his face blench while I sat outwardly calm and unmoved.

"God's ways are not our ways," he said at last. "He has shown us how purposeless were the sacrifices we had planned, and He had greater ends in view. May He give us strength to bear."

The months which followed passed as in a dream, but my hands found plenty to fill them. My husband had come home to me a broken man, and I saw day by day that his strength was failing. Oh, how glad I was in those long vigils by his bedside that I had not faltered. A love as of a mother for her child grew in my breast as I watched his remorseful care, his earnest solicitude in my behalf, as his life ebbed away. It was inner as well as outer mourning I now wore, and for a year I lived on alone in my home, with no particular event to note the fleeting time.

One day a letter was put in my hand. I opened it and out dropped two inclosures, one in a hand which even then caused my heart to beat, and one a few lines in a strange writing. Edward's—for it was from him—ran thus: "When I learned that you were free, Madge, the wild, sweet hope rose in my breast that when I could I should come to claim my wife, but it was not to be. I have been stricken with a contagious fever, and my life is rapidly ebbing away. The verdict has gone forth, and I must die. It is but for a little while. I wait you in a better world. God bless you forever and forever." The other was penned after his death, but told what he had withheld, that no life lost on the battlefield showed greater heroism or truer glory. It is little wonder that I recall that bright joyous girl who once bore my name, as another being, as with folded hands I sit and wait. Sometimes my watch grows heavy, but my courage fails not. I wait on with at least contentment to the end.—N. Y. Ledger.